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GLORY.

A stately knight in armor bright,
With courage deep and tried
Resolved to fight for human right,
In days of old came forth so bold
To check the wanton pride
Of hostile gold in envy's fold.

His brother reads of evil deeds
By people vile excited;
Fair virtue leads to present needs
The warrior brave. His spirits crave
That all be well requited
With swords that gave to Turks their grave.

Both soldiers fought as heroes ought
To strive for causes right
With courage wrought as virtue taught.
In honor's dell the first one fell
The other's death was bright;
He now will tell God's praises well.

T. F. KRAMER, '01.

THE OLD CLASSICS.

THE tendencies of our age are predominantly materialistic. Man's spirit,—his intellectual faculties—is speedily succumbing to matter; ere long the *ideal* must needs yield to the *real*. The true and the beautiful are no more given their former attentive appreciation, whilst the useful and sensational, which both lead to wealth and honor, are sought with undue and puerile passion.

Accountable for these alarming conditions of affairs most baneful to civilization and culture are, as the current opinion of learned men has it, first: the discoveries and strides recently made by man in the realm of physics, and, second: the indifference and antipathy with regard to the study of the ancient classics, which stated discoveries and strides could not fail to create in the hearts of the mass. Instead of manfully protesting and battling against so pernicious a bend of our time men, of whom we have a right to claim a better behavior, advocate it with boyish virulency. They maintain that our age, the age of steam and electricity, the age of scientific progress, has no longer any need of the Greek and Latin classics, because no practical benefit accrues therefrom. Why, therefore, not do away with them? Why banter and hamper the scholar's mind with difficult, useless, and long forgotten things, when far easier, more practical, and better known methods bringing the same, if not superior results, are at

our disposal? A little reflection and less greed for riches and fame would, no doubt, make those downright smatterers blush and bring them to better sense.

To promote literature and arts the study of Greek and Latin is indispensable. History furnishes us ample proofs in favor of this statement. From the earliest days of Christendom up to our own enlightened century, the old classics were greatly encouraged and highly recommended as essential incentives to culture and refinement. Even in the darkest hours of the Middle Ages, when nobility boasted of its ignorance in the art of letters, said tongues were the medium of religion, laws, and fine arts. We know our modern literatures are mere imitations of those "mighty minds of old" and to a great extent embody their very essence mirrored in a different light. This fact strongly argues for a knowledge, and a thorough one at that, of both the Latin and the Greek on the part of the pioneers and up-builders of marked literatures. Whilst, no doubt, our age is noted for an unprecedented advancement in natural sciences, it remains to be said, that its literatures and arts, the landmarks of civilization and culture, cannot as yet be compared with those of Greece and Rome. Hence, despite the noisy opposition of parroting backwoods journalists and blatant demagogues, the time has not yet come, when we have nothing more to learn from the ancient classics, when a knowledge thereof is non-essential to a liberal education,—the cornerstone of literature and arts.

In the furtherance of literature and arts the old languages can be replaced neither by our modern tongues nor by the physical sciences. The Greek as well as the Latin outrival every living language in beauty of style and its necessary properties. On reading the simple, but fiery productions of Athens, and the elegant, but tender writings of Rome the student will readily mark this classic excellency. His own good taste together with the watchful eye of the teacher will exhort him to imitate it in his mother tongue, and thus he contributes to the enhancement of the latter's essentials of a good style.

A second preeminence, in which the literature men of old rank far above the nineteenth-century quacks, is the logical adjustment of the material. If in accordance with Cardinal Newman's estimate, "a great author is not one who merely has a 'copia verborum' whether in prose or verse, and can, as it were, turn on at his will any number of splendid phrases and swelling sentences; but he is one who has something to say and knows how to say it" the majority of our men of letters are bellowing scribblers. At the very outset of their compositions they are bound to say the little they know. They crowd things together to the exclusion of connection and sense; before long they exhaust themselves, and then, to the disgust of the reader, turn the screaming crank of windy mechanism. What maniac would have our youth draw nutriment of literature and arts from so insipid a source and be ignorant of the old classics who "Non fumum ex fulgore sed ex fumo dare lucem cogitant."

A third worth of literature which the Greek and the Latin possess in preference to modern tongues, and that to a very eminent degree, are the true and highest ideals of man. Reverence for the gods, love of religion, patriotism, obedience to the laws, integrity of life, and even morality, are presented worthy of imitation and praise well nigh on every page of their literature. What a contrast is not found in this field between those noble heads of antiquity and the literature men of our own day. The former were pagans; they had no knowledge, at least a very dim one, of the One Supreme Being, and yet they loved said excellencies; the latter are Christians, at least nominally so; but, despite their cognizance of one God, of Christ, the Saviour of mankind, they turn away from their Creator, deny His existence, worship the goddess of reason, lead the people to unbelief, and mock at justice and purity of morals. The high improvement which all our modern literatures receive in this line through a thorough acquaintance with those of Greece and Rome is apparent.

The question might be here inserted, whether noted preeminences, viz: beauty of style, logical adjustment of the material, and the true ideals of man could be presented to the scholar by way of translation. To transmit the first two, the original text is absolutely required, and though the third could yet be brought home to him through translation, we must bear in mind, that those occupying themselves with giving us the works of the ancients in our vernacular too often become

untrue to the original. The tendency of their age of which, for some reason or other, they could or would not rid themselves, at frequent intervals looms up in the translations.

As to the replacement of the old classics by the physical sciences, little needs be said. We know the bend of the latter is paramount money-making and practical applications of life. Unlike the former they "measure education by dollars and cents;" they stun the student's love of the highest and the best, they make him desirous of distinction and riches—the foremost impediments to true culture.

Notwithstanding what has been written in above lines, let no one think that the author thereof is prejudiced against the study of modern tongues and natural sciences. A well regulated moderate study of mentioned branches within our college walls is a demand of our age, against which no sane man can nor will protest. Aside of this, however, we are never to become blunt and indifferent toward the old classics, they being the most perfect in style, logic, and ideals that are justly deserving of our appreciation and imitation. Unless this be done, i. e. unless we "restore", as a most distinguished editor has it, "to the classical studies that eminent and commanding place in our higher education, which they rightly held in the days of our fathers, the United States may grow to be a mighty and flourishing nation, but it will never become truly great."

L. R. '01

THE BIRDS' ADIEU.

With gentle fingers Autumn plucks
Each leaflet from the trees,
And sings a melancholy song
To Aeol's moaning breeze.

Fair summer lies in agony,
Dim are her charming eyes,
Each swallow leaves her unconsolated,
"Thou art a wreck," she sighs.

"Where are thy beauties, where thy charms,
That did enchant the world?
Into ugliness and misery
Fortuna thee has hurled.

We can no longer fare with thee,
Thy reign was sweet, but short.
Thy sister, Autumn, cold of heart,—
We leave for Southland's port.

There we shall sing our gladdest lays,
Soar on our pinions high;
While Autumn here lays waste the land,
And flowers fade and die.

But when by God's almighty will
Queen Spring assumes her sway,
When Flora decks the naked earth,
We shall return and say:

'Hail Queen of seasons! Spring, all hail!
We greet thee with delight;
Thou camest from Him who ruleth all—
From the eternal height.' "

F. X. JAEGER, '03.

AN IDEAL AMERICAN.

ALL lovers of heroism will honor a hero's name. A man who has deserved well of his people is worthy of sincere gratitude. A noble monument should perpetuate his glory forever. Our esteem for his advantageous accomplishments, the benefits of which we now enjoy, is best shown by following the wholesome precepts he has laid down for the observance of posterior generations.

America is still young in years but old in heroes and heroic deeds. On her highest galaxy stand three familiar forms to whom she owes her origin and establishment, her early rise in power and true national greatness: the patriotic Washington, the successful leader of her infant armies; the learned Franklin, the typical propagator of her youthful education, philosophy, statesmanship; the glorious and political Jefferson, the very soul of her existing governmental forms. If the two former are worthy—as indeed they are—of the highest and noblest encomiums bestowed upon them; the latter certainly, too, is deserving of sublime and dignified eulogies for faithful services rendered to the new-born republic.

Throughout his entire private and public career Jefferson bears the undisputed qualities of true American typicalness. He was born April 2, 1743, at Shadwell, Albemarle county, Virginia. Regarding his parents little has been handed down to posterity, but this much is certain that

they were of aristocratic extraction. There, on his father's plantation, that staunch defender and uncompromising expounder of man's rights and liberty was imbued with the first noble thoughts of freedom and a lasting hatred of all things royal. Gay and sprightly as the robin in spring he would roam in the primeval forests of his native hills. He experienced his greatest delight and real self-satisfaction in practicing the art of horsemanship, so necessary in those days, and in private study, for "the glow of one warm thought was worth more to him than money." Often with genuine pleasure he would visit the quiet haunts abandoned by the departing Indians, and there amidst the supreme solitude of ages admire nature's works in their various forms and beauties.

Jefferson's precocity gave ample evidences of his future greatness. In those days of colonial servitude good schools were not as numerous as in these days of marvelous national progress. Though possessed of a romantic mind Jefferson was never averse to studies. He received his first instructions from a private teacher; but this sphere of acquiring knowledge soon proved too small for his fast developing mind. He was consequently sent to William's and Mary's College to enjoy the full benefits of a higher collegiate education. He graduated with honors in the class of 1762. Soon after he took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar of his native place in 1767. His short legal career was marked with uncommon success.

Those were the stormy days of the "Stamp

Act" and "Writs of Assistance." His struggling country did not long remain ignorant of his bright talents and the signal public advantages which the efforts of his genius might produce. At the age of twenty-six he was elected a member of the Virginia House of Bourgresses, holding his seat with great credit in those turbulent times. He was gifted with a special power of writing state papers in clear, concise but vigorous, forcible terms. It was in this that he rendered his most eminent services and began the erection of his momentous fame.

Although Jefferson had thus far only been serving his state, he was singled out for the accomplishment of greater and more exalted enterprises. The thirteen Colonies in their unprecedented act of consolidation required the active aid of his fiery genius. On June 21, 1776 he entered the first Continental Congress as a delegate of his native state, "preceded by a brilliant reputation as a vigorous writer and a far-sighted statesman." The foundation of the republic speaks volumes in favor of his services in that august assembly.

The Declaration of Independence, that noble document of human rights, the unique production of his deep thinking brain, will keep his memory alive in all hearts as long as liberty will have her stronghold in America under the starry folds of the red, white and blue. If we consider that such men as Franklin and Adams were members of the committee appointed to draw up a paper, and to him alone was left the weary task of setting forth the reasons of separation from the mother country,

and that his resolution with only a few slight changes and modifications were accepted by Congress, we will be able to understand more fully his true worth and comprehend to some extent the vast influence he exerted in the formation of the new republic. Jefferson boldly sets forth the principles of good government, and all the phases in which they have been violated by the British king. Its political value is equal to that of the Magna Charta, and as a state paper it has not an equal either in ancient or modern times. On it rests not only Jefferson's undying fame but also America's greatness.

The patriotic framer of the Declaration was now heart and soul in politics. From 1776 to 1778 he was again seated in the legislature of his native state, was its governor for two years, then a member of Congress, and for four years the American minister to the court of Paris. On the election of Washington to the presidency he was called to fulfill the duties of secretary of state. In that position he met with many difficulties. Hamilton too was a member of the first cabinet. They were to guide the steps of the new government, but in all things their views and ideas were contrary. A lasting rivalry which terminated in two great political parties was the inevitable result. Jefferson could not bear up under such circumstances. The welfare of the state was the only object of his labors, but he was now obliged to take part in many bitterly contested disputes which were of no benefit to his country, but only served to increase the glowing animosity existing

between them. To end such disadvantageous inconveniences he resigned his position and retired to private life.

The year 1797 again brought him into public prominence, being elected Vice-president with Adams as chief executive. Four years later greater honors and weightier responsibilities were laid upon his shoulders. After a hotly contested campaign, in which he and Burr received an equal number of votes in the electoral college, he was finally chosen to be the ruler of the country, in the formation of whose laws he had taken such an active part. The purchase of Louisiana in 1803 is the most noteworthy act, being the most productive of good results to the infant nation, that occurred during his prosperous administration. In this he experienced all the difficulties that can encumber the plans of the chief executive of a free people. To use his own words: "The executive authority had to be stretched until it cracked, to cover the purchase of Louisiana." The numberless advantages the country has already derived from the possession of that vast territory will far more than counterbalance the difficulties he endured so self-sacrificingly in its acquisition.

The war with the Barbary States is noteworthy not so much for its extraordinary feats of generalship as for the position and character it gave to the American nation in the monarchical courts of Europe. America then and there set them an example how to deal with tyrannical pirates. Older and more powerful nations paid tribute to these petty sultans. America alone re-

fused to comply with such insolence, she carried her point, others soon followed. Thus a people thirty years before despised by the whole world as subjected colonists became its successful leader.

The explorations and surveys in the wild west were vigorously continued during his two terms of office. Many other internal and domestic improvements were effected by his heroic labor which cannot be recounted here.

At the expiration of his second term Jefferson, refusing to accept a third on the plea that it had too much the appearance of monarchism, returned quietly to his estate at Monticello to spend privately the remaining days of his life in the full enjoyment of rural solitude and undisturbed study. The establishment of the University of Virginia, of which he filled the duties of first rector, was his last great achievement. This alone would have been a secure foundation for his fame; but add to it the authorship of the Declaration of Independence and his other eminent public services, then you will be able, at least to some degree, to understand the varied magnitude of his penetrative and comprehensive intellect. Mr. Parker has justly said of him: "Of all the public men who have figured in the United States he was incomparably the best scholar and the most various accomplished man." By his scholarly attainments he has indeed made himself worthy of the oft-repeated epithet, "Sage of Monticello." He died, mourned by the entire nation, by political friends and foes, on the fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration with these words, "This is

the Fourth of July'', on his lips.

In spite of the multiplicity of his labors in the affairs of the state and the distractiveness of the political strifes, in which he was engaged during the best days of his manhood, Jefferson found ample time to devote to literature. The best model of his style is the immortal Declaration, in which he puts forth all the powers of his lofty intellect, in thought, rhetoric, and diction. In its composition he divested himself of himself, for the sentiments expressed are not only his, but those of all the British colonies as they loved and suffered in the eventful year of 1776. "Notes on Virginia'', though of inferior quality, prove him to have been a man of keen observation and a lover of nature in her primitive beauties. She in fact was his god, at her shrine he knelt and adored. Both the literary and historical value of his Autobiography are insignificant; it possesses none of the charms which make the reading of Franklin's so delightful. In his correspondence which was always written with the greatest care the reader is best enabled to form a true estimation of the various and effective influence he exercised throughout the land, whilst the public weal and woe were in his competent hands. His style is always easy; however, as he descends deeper into his subject it often becomes vigorous, but when his ardor cools it is diffuse.

It is a sad fact, but yet too true, that the most elegantly refined minds are too often imbued with flagrantly erroneous principles in matters of religion. The son of Christian parents, educated

by Christians, spent his whole life in the society of those who called themselves Christians; yet most scornfully he assails Christianity and ignominiously degrades the divine authority of the Scriptures. His moral character was deeply stained with the diabolical teachings of infidelity, his religious ideas, as expressed in his writings, were those of a radical idealist. In this he lived up to the spirit of the age. Its radicalism was the hellish fruit of the French Revolution, with which he had always been an ardent sympathizer.

His religious views must be set aside; but as an ideal American citizen his conduct is worthy of imitation. For his self-sacrificing patriotism, sagacious statesmanship, and loving devotion to the cause of liberty and humanity an elevated position in Fame's golden palace, not inferior to Franklin's nor to that of the "Father of his country," is due to the "Sage of Monticello."

T. F. KRAMER, '01.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

O hallowed day, O day of joy
All blest and stainless from alloy,
Thou still recallest holy love
Down from the glorious realms above.

While spirits pure from heaven's dells
To lowly earth, where mortal dwells,
Descend, and with a melting voice
Call forth: The day invites to joys.

A hymn they sing to God of light
That banished from earth's vale dark night;
And things mysterious they reveal,
That can the wounds of man's soul heal.

And from ere departed friends
From spirits dear, 'mid heaven's scents
And worlds unknown, they bear a voice
That sings: The day invites to joys.

But oh! The joyful day's farewell
Prolongs a long and doleful knell:
The lovely tints of olive green
And scarlet bright pass from the scene.

No sight is seen, no sound is stirred,
No voices of the day are heard,
Save echoes of the setting eve
Proclaim: The day invites to grieve.

And wakeful pangs of loneliness
And everlasting nearness press
Around the lonely soul with might,
While watching with the dead at night.

Soft murmurs at the churchyard's seam
Rise faintly from a silv'ry stream
And seas of pain, whose swelling heave
Proclaims: The day invites to grieve.

O! thus at times on earth below
Springs grief from gladness' glow.
But this trite lesson it imparts:
All things turn well to upright hearts.

E. HEFELE, '01.

HOME AND ASSOCIATE IDEAS.

The human mind is continually occupied with thoughts, varying in nature and in the emotions they produce. Some awake within us a feeling of gladness. Again, the same idea may at times be pleasing, at times disagreeable. There are some thoughts, however, that, no matter when they occur, are generally productive of pleasure; among these the thought of home. Although many may not always appreciate the blessings and happiness of a Christian home, yet there is no doubt that their mind often recalls the happy scenes of sunny childhood. It is my endeavor to picture a few ideas that various people entertain regarding home. The following little conversation might serve to show in what light a child views its home.

“Hello, Margareth. Why are you standing here at the gate?” The speaker was an elderly lady of a very amiable disposition. “Because,” came in childish accent the response of the little tot of six, “I am looking for papa; I wait at the gate every evening, and when I see papa I run to meet him. Then papa gives me the paper or package which he has in his hand and we walk home together.” “What do you do after you and papa have reached home?” “Why, papa takes me on his lap and says: ‘Margareth, have you been a real good girl today?’ and when I say: ‘Yes, papa dear,’ he gives me, oh! the sweetest kiss and tells me always to be good and to help mama. Last

night papa said that I would soon be a young lady. You know I am yet only a little girl. Some times papa has some candy for me. I just love papa so very much." "But what do you do during the day when papa is not at home?" "Oh! I love mama too, I like to stay with her," quickly rejoined the little one. "Mama is always very good to me. She gives me cakes and pies and other good things and often takes me out walking with her. Then I have so much fun with Lawrence and——There comes papa." Away she is.

It is quite true that a student should strive to banish all such frivolous sentiments of pleasure and ease as might tend to divert his attention from his studies. The thought of home will always cause a sequence of pleasant ideas to pass through his mind, but, unless the scope of his fancy is kept within bounds, those delightful recollections might produce within him a certain peculiar longing. A rainy day has again cast its influence upon the inmates of the college. There is a student sitting in a pensive mood, some one approaches and accosts him with, "A penny for your thoughts." The one disturbed in his meditation slowly looks up and answers: "Very well, Harry, you shall have my thoughts in a few words. I was just thinking of home, I pictured to myself the charms of a winter's evening while at home. I again heard old Boreas moan and howl without in his dreadful fury, while the members of the family and a few friends were enjoying the pleasure of the home circle seated about the cheerful hearth. I listened with great delight to the stories which father and

mother related of their childhood days such as pranks played at home and at school. Those present possessing musical abilities added much to the good cheer of the gathering by the rendition of several vocal and instrumental selections. I must not forget the special part that mother took in our entertainment. She had always provided that nothing in the line of dainty refreshments to tickle the palate was wanting. Ah! but those were happy hours and I long for the time when I shall live them over again."

Last summer, while waiting in a railroad station for a train, I met a friend who, like Cincinnatus of old, had left the hum of busy city life to engage himself in tilling the soil. We were speaking of various things until our thoughts wandered to the subject of rural life. My friend expressed himself in this manner. "Yes, I have chosen the country for a home, and I do not doubt the excellence of my choice. Let me mention a few of the many attractions of life in the country. Never did I appreciate the grandeur of nature so highly as I do at present. As an instance, the rising sun. There is nothing that to me seems more beautiful than the eastern sky at the break of day. At first we discern a faint glimmer in the distant horizon. Gradually the borders of the farthest clouds are tinted with a delicate tinge of pink, which becomes more radiant and is intermingled with shades of gold. Now are seen parallel beams of light reflected through the lucid clouds. At length, the sun appearing in all splendor and majesty is greeted by a charming chorus of feathered songsters in a

neighboring wood. Since I mentioned the woods—What a beauty meets ones gaze on rambling through a wood? Think of pretty little wild flowers as they dot the grassy banks of a murmuring brook; the slender ivy as it entwines the mighty oak. Cast your gaze over a verdant meadow, or a field of waving grain. I love to watch the cattle as they slowly come up the lane to enter their stalls for the night's rest. In the fall of the year, one enjoys great satisfaction in beholding the barns filled through the result of toil during the past months." My friend was unhappily interrupted by the arrival of the train on which I was obliged to depart.

There was a certain James Goodwin who always found it a pleasure to vaunt the blessing and greatness of this our glorious nation. James happened to be visiting at Paris, and there met a Frenchman who asked him a question regarding the United States. Thinking this a favorable opportunity to display his patriotic bent of mind, James answered in the following words: "I am proud to say that I had as the land of my birth that renowned country America. A land that gave existence to a new order of liberty and now sets a pace for the progressive element of the world. We, Americans, enjoy all the educational advantages that any man may desire. Only go to a fountain of learning and drink of the sweetness of wisdom. Every invention of modern genius is at our disposal. Look at the excellence of our railway system, the press, machinery and implements of every description. A man professing

any occupation can, in that progressive country, obtain a field for his labor. Is he an agriculturist? Immense tracts of land are in waiting to yield abundant returns, if one will busy himself in their cultivation. Is he a mechanic? He can obtain employment in any of the numerous factories, whose presence are known by their towering smokestacks. Is he an architect? Any of our larger cities will prove sufficient to offer a field for the practice of his art. Does he wish to distinguish himself by the power of his oratory? The lawyer and the statesman need not remain in the background. The country being so extensive, one may establish a home in that place answering to his most whimsical desires. Heat and cold, mountain and plain, all bid him welcome." The Frenchman, vexed by our garrulous champion, contrived to change the subject.

It is quite natural that the thought of home, its pleasure and comforts, frequently enter into our minds; yet it would be well to think at the same time of our heavenly home. I will relate a little incident which might not prove inappropriate. Once on entering a church I passed a nun and a lady, and overheard the words "is your home" uttered by the latter. Evidently this lady was a stranger in the city and had inquired for the convent. The religious, her countenance beaming with angelic loveliness and eyes cast upwards, in a voice that betrayed an ardent yearning answered: "In Heaven." I inferred from this reply that Heaven had been the subject of the sister's meditation that morning, and that the mention of

the word home had again awakened in her a heart-felt craving to enjoy Heaven's unspeakable felicity.

J. MÜTCH, '02

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

IT is truly said: Poets are the people's educators. Mighty is the golden pen wielded by a godly power. Works of genius, poetry, and art are always worthy of our consideration, being the product of the noble part of man, and their final end is to mould our character; to draw out and ennoble the powers of the soul; to refine mankind. Truly has the poet spoken:

"These polished arts have humanized mankind,
Softened the rude and calmed the boisterous mind."

A passionate lover of nature, a true genius and a born poet, was Thomson, the author of the "Seasons". The poem consists of four books, written in the heroic metre. Though rhyme might have been an additional gem of beauty, befitting the nature of the subject, yet the author was happier in employing blank verse, for his extensive comprehension of general objects, his vivid imagination, and the lofty flights of his genius demanded to be free from the chains of rhyme. His numbers, though not inharmonious, are monotonous and laboring uphill.

Thomson's greatness consists in originality of thought and diction; his verse is neither that of Milton, nor of any other poet; his florid and luxuriant style, though strikingly bearing some

resemblances to Virgil's, is of his own creation; his manner of expressing his thoughts is characteristic; he always thinks poetically and as a man of genius. In his "Seasons" he first details sweet things to his love, then tells them to nature, harangues her beauties so exquisitely that they appear visibly before your eyes; the peculiar habits of animals and the characteristics of men are most truly delineated. In the far east you behold the gorgeously rising sun vivifying all nature, you smell the delicious fragrance of morning, enjoy the serenity of the sky, the refreshing shade of the woods, the silent brook gliding peacefully through a billowy sea of grass, hear the birds celebrate their happiness, feel the heat of the torrid zone and the horrid cold of the Laplander's icy land; from this panorama of nature you are led to the contemplation of God,

"who boundless Spirit all,
And unremitting energy, pervades
Adjusts, sustains and agitates the whole."

If the sympathetic criticism of a poem gives the nature of the poet; then Thomson, judging from the "Seasons", seems to have been a good, kindhearted man with intense love and affection. Love is the theme of Spring; it is the silver thread which runs through this poem around which all other thoughts cluster like so many brilliant pearls. The poet is peculiarly fond of the word "love" which occurs several times on nearly every page of "Spring." From this deep sentiment of love arises his sympathy. Thus he entreats his friends:

"Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes".

Again he maintains:

"'Tis love creates their melodies and all
This waste of music is the voice of love
That even to birds and beasts the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches, hence the glossy kinds
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate."

Again he exclaims:

"nought but love
Can answer love and render bliss secure."

Thomson wrote poetry not merely for the sake of pleasing, but to relieve his passion; whatever he uttered he felt, and could not keep within himself; as also, to benefit mankind by fitly introducing some practical moral instructions. The virtues which he endeavors to inculcate are thus enumerated:

"....Peace and social love;
Then tender looking charity, intent
On gentle deeds and shedding tears through smiles,
Undaunted truth and dignity of mind,
Courage composed and keen; sound temperance
Healthful in heart and look; clear chastity
With blushes reddening as she moves along
Disordered at the deep regard she draws;
Rough industry; activity untired,
With copious life informed and all awake.
While in the radiant front superior shines
That first paternal virtue public zeal."

In the second book of his "Seasons" he joyfully sings:

"Of happy labor, love and social glee."

In the Autumn the story of Lavinia is plainly but delightfully narrated; it is as pleasing as

the smile of youthful innocence. The poet always bears a sympathetic heart on his lips. He courageously tells the rich:

“....Ye masters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease,
Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride
And Oh! be mindful of that sparing board,
Which covers yours with luxury profuse
Makes your glass sparkle and your sense rejoice.”

Winter is undoubtedly Thomson's most successful production. The fall of snow is one of the finest specimens of descriptive poetry in the language.

Throughout the “Seasons” the poet's fancy is more displayed than the imagination; this fact, however, does not show a “signal want of the imagination” as Mr. Arnold maintains, but it is consistent with the poem which is naturally more descriptive than imaginative; yet this fancy is but the reproductive imagination. The poet puts his whole heart into the subject and makes all his descriptions teem with life and a vivifying soul. That the author of the “Seasons” possessed in an eminent degree both the productive as well as the reproductive imagination is sufficiently proved from his “Castle of Indolence” where the reader delights in the pleasantest imagery. Suppose Thomson had a “signal want of the imagination,” then we must place him among the art poets with Pope, but his art is so insignificant that he is by no means able to conceal an iota of it; moreover since imagination is one of the fundamental prin-

ciples of a poet, Thomson with "a want of imagination" would be a poet "invita Minerva", whilst the current opinion of standard critics pronounces him a born poet. Mr. Arnold contradicts himself by quoting from Johnson: "The first canto opens a scene of lazy luxury that fills the imagination."

The "Seasons" is a poem weighty and dignified, amuses the fancy, enlightens the understanding, and warms the heart. Thomson's genius was fired with the charms of truth and nature, scorning to associate with trifling subjects. What could be "more elevating, more amusing, more ready to awake poetical enthusiasm, philosophical reflection and moral sentiments than the works of nature? In every dress nature is greatly charming; whether she puts on the crimson robes of morning, the strong effulgence of noon, the sober suit of evening, or the deep sables of blackness and tempest. How gay looks spring, how glorious summer, how pleasing autumn, and how venerable winter!" Thomson's "Seasons" deserve praise of the highest degree; it will last with the language; it has crowned its author with the laurels of imperishable fame and glorious immortality.

S. MEYER, '01.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

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EDITORIALS.

What month of the entire solar year has a beginning more glorious than November? Through all the celestial courts resound the songs of jubilation and divine praises for graces granted to saints whilst members of the Church militant on earth.

"When two friends meet in adverse hour,

'Tis like a sunbeam through a shower."

Heavy burdens are always lightened by willing assistance rendered to the sorrow-stricken by sincerely sympathizing friends. We all have such friends that are most certainly in urgent need of our aid. On the opposite shore of the unseen river, are the spirits of our dear departed relatives and Catholic brethren, whose souls were not spotless at the woful hour of death. They are petitioning our prayers unceasingly. It is but right that we earnestly advocate their cause before the throne of Justice. Every true Christian should assist them as he hopes for assistance when the hand of the Lord strikes him.

It was with great pleasure that some time ago we received the gratifying news that we were no longer a shepherdless flock. The papers had long before appointed bishops for Ft. Wayne; but they might as well have kept their peace. Now, since Rome has spoken, all clouds of doubt have vanished. Unexpectedly it is one of St. Joseph's friends that has been selected. The Rev. Herman J. Alerding, of Indianapolis, is to be our future guide on the way of salvation. The class of '97 will remember him as the deliverer of their baccalaureate sermon. We all extend to the Rt. Rev. Bishop-elect our sincere, hearty congratulations upon his elevation among the princes of the Church.

As in all things, so too in journalism, there is life and death; to-day a new publication is origi-

nated, tomorrow an old one is suspended. It was with sorrow that we read the valedictory number of the "Mission Indian", published at Banning, Cal. by the Rev. Florian Hahn C. PP. S. In its suspension an old and true friend was taken from our midst. We always loved to peruse its pleasant pages to obtain information of the progress made in Christian civilization by the native children of the soil. Father Florian was the Indian's true friend; for their welfare he watched and labored; for their sake, for their just rights, the obtaining of a solid Catholic education, he published the little paper. Its purpose was a noble one and it should have received the encouragement due to the worthy motives that prompted its establishment and to the inestimable good it was accomplishing for the children of the forest, so cruelly neglected by the government that sways their destiny.

No sane person will attempt to deny that the great dailies, as conducted both in Europe and America, exert a tremendous influence in the moulding of the character of the rising generation. Even the present generation is suffering grievously from its adherence to the baneful directions of the daily press. It is next to impossible that our daily secular journalism should bring forth good, wholesome results; the truth of the contrary is too glaring. The very manner in which it is conducted and the sole object of its circulation are too much at variance with the attainment of genuine, lasting good. Create a sensation, overrule a rival, make a statement to-day so as to have some-

thing to deny to-morrow, but principally to fill their own private coffers: these are the prime objects of the daily press. How can there be universal public good in all this?

These are radical, burning evils that can and should be remedied. There is but one panacea for this widespread disease, that is the long-projected, likewise long-neglected Catholic English Daily. This paper should already enjoy a bountiful existence. Why does it not? When and where will it first gladden Catholic hearts? We are pigmies unable to answer this paramount question. But there are able men—more than enough of them—in this country who possess all the required abilities for the undertaking and accomplishment of such a highly beneficial and vastly useful project. Why not immediately put their hands to the plow? Whilst they are advising one another as to the feasibility and advisability of such an undertaking, precious time and the golden opportunity that is within their grasp glides on into peaceful oblivion; yet mankind's archfiend, guiding the destructive course of the daily secular press, continues to sway unimpeded the degeneracy of a misguided people. What should have been done yesterday has been postponed until to-day and to-day it is being postponed until to-morrow. When will these conditions be altered? We earnestly hope, soon, with the first breath of the new century.

Are the benefits the debater derives from his laborious efforts a sufficient remuneration for the

amount of toil and time entailed in the preparation? Most certainly they are. Of all the mental exercises a student can participate in, debating offers him the grandest opportunities for the development of his intellectual faculties. Debating presents the highest advantages—those that are most beneficently applicable in the daily struggles of after life—to every individual of the human race who aims to soar higher than the lowly ploddings of the common class.

Public speaking is of far greater moment in this progressive age than it was in those uproarious days when Cicero poured forth his tremendous eloquence against the treacherous Catiline, or when Demosthenes uttered his brilliantly glowing periods in defence of Grecian liberties. No other speaker enjoys to the fullest extent the opportune advantages requisite for the creating of a soul-stirring, persuasive, convincing orator as does the debater. He must always be on the alert. Debating sharpens the perceptive powers of the intellect, and trains the mind in the difficult art of just criticism. The latent forces of accurate judgment are quickened to a wonderful extent, for on them devolves the difficult duty of detecting, not only the gross errors, but also the insignificant flaws of the opponent's manner of argumentation. It tends directly to increase the activity of the mind, create greater productiveness of sound thought in these days of shallow thinking. By it the reasoning faculties are wonderfully developed, which advantage alone would be sufficient cause to give this practice of debating substantial encouragement.

There is, however, one fault of which the debater is apt to be guilty: this might be called an argumentative dishonesty. An opponent has heaped up a mountain of logical arguments, these the other member must shatter to obtain the coveted result, but to effect which often proves no easy task. Sophisms are resorted to; and if the speaker is clever enough to shroud them into high-sounding and well-chosen phrases he can even at times deceive the auditors. But if in his opinion this is not sufficient he will stoop still lower and call ineffective sarcasm, raillery, and ridicule to his aid, by which, however, it not seldom happens that he destroys the little effect he might otherwise have produced. Such action should always be avoided; for the final result will be that he who desends to the employment of such conceited efforts will not raise, but lower himself in the estimation of his comrades.

Let us, therefore, have debates for our intellectual and literary advancement, for our mutual entertainment and broadening of our thoughts and ideas. There will be nothing to rue; but innumerable and inestimable benefits will accrue therefrom if they are conducted on the sound principles of logic and justice.

EXCHANGES.

Many of our former friends have returned to our sanctum, though rather tardily. Some have failed to make their appearance and we must either accuse them of sloth or a lack of goodfellowship. Among the numerous bright college journals that have so far delighted us the *St. Mary's Record* is of the best. Its matter is not so strictly literary, yet for a few minutes' pleasure and recreation we can turn to the Oct. Record. The Record is fortunate in having friends and alumnae who take so great an interest in Alma Mater as is evident from the inauguration of the Prize Contest. This will benefit students immensely, and the columns of the Record should bubble over with first class literary matter. We watch with keen expectancy the outcome of the competition. "Cap'n Chris" promises to excel the ordinary college story. Fidelity to life, nobility and sweetness, vein the story throughout. The writer carries us unwittingly along with her smooth, musical diction and happy details. All success to "Cap'n Chris" and "Edith". Were college boys, as a rule (?) not so stoical (?) 'twould be vain to conquer the "lump" in our throat when reading "Some Letters". They are sadly realistic, pathetic, and strike a sympathetic chord in our hearts, since we have all experienced the peculiar and unspeakable malady of home-sickness. The Record, however, lacks virility in its editorials. A paper may have good poetry, prose, and spark-

ling fiction, but if its editorials are shallow, not characteristic, it loses half its value and interest. Let the writer delight us with her best thoughts etc. and leave financial matters to the local columns. "Pen Portraits" are very good and will beget the habit of quick and true observation in the writer; besides it brings one in touch with many a phase of human character, which she never imagined to exist. The exchange editor is somewhat clever in her introduction, but seems loose and faulty in the construction of her sentences. To end a sentence thus: "never dreamed of even" is evidently weak and unimpressive; a deeper knowledge of the principles of style with a little more care in revising will in a short time eradicate such faults. Her judgment of merit and demerit seems justly and with conviction given.

The *Viatorian* brings us tidings of a great celebration and exuberant joy. Certainly a time of rejoicing and festivity for a student-body is the Jubilee of their "beloved president." The *Viatorian* shows its paternal love by respectfully devoting its pages to the delineation of "a life that delights hearts of men". We wish the Reverend President with the *Alumnus*:

"May fifty golden Autumns
Find thee still among the boys."

The editorials of the *Viatorian* are excellent, and, among other things, the editor shows the reason why the lives and achievements of many students fail to credit their innate talent.

The *Mountaineer* presents us two very good articles in "Tom Brown, and its Author", and the

“Address” by Richard M. Reilly. The one is an enthusiastic criticism on the famous “Tom Brown” by Mr. Hughes. The quotation is an apt and characteristic one, thereby almost forcing those, who have not read, to read. The “Address” of Mr. Reilly is a genuine treat; and such words and sentences, vitalized by years of observation and experience, should in the hearts of earnest students, “bring forth fruit a hundred fold”. “An Adventure” is weak and uninteresting. The editor takes much interest in the paper, as his able plea for contributions proves. In part he says: “It (The Mountaineer) is the college journal, and as such should have its pages teeming with the literary productions of the students of the college.” Now while the Mountaineer contains much that is of interest, both locally and to Alumni; yet a college paper containing only two literary articles, and one of these by an Alumnus, cannot be said to be “teeming with the literary productions of the students of the college”. Either there is a “don’t care” spirit among the students or a lack of literary ability, of which, however, we would think twice before accusing such a hoary-locked and esteemed institution as Mt. St. Mary’s. Friends, this is meant in all kindness, and ’tis to your own interest to know and improve where you may be deficient.

Notre Dame Scholastic was the first to enter our sanctum this year. With it came briskness, neatness, and a good share of laugh-provoking material. In the Oct. numbers are some especially well-written articles. Particularly does the scribe

of "How Did Poland Fall?" impress us forcibly as one of a true Polish, Christian, heart, and had all Poles been of his stamp, Poland would today successfully defy Russia's aggressiveness. "Crank Observations" are of the first class. "Criticism of the Bench" is a strong and able defence in a few words for the justification of our "courts and judges" who are sometimes placed in a rather suspicious light by deficient legislation. "Music" is an excellent historical essay. The Scholastic's stories are noted for conciseness, wit and clever climaxes, but we except a "Psychological Freak" and "Much Ado About Nothing". In the first we are led to expect a climax, but are duped. The second is as "a tingling brass". "Local Items" are certainly good and interesting to local students, and very often provoke a smile which breaks into a vociferous laugh among exchange friends. However we would emphasize what we have said of the "Record", and to what we called your attention in years past; namely, a sounder and more thoughtful editorial column. With such capable men as Notre Dame has had, and we presume she can boast as much this year, the Scholastic's editorials should be gems in college journalism.

W. R. ARNOLD, '02.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

New Manual of the Sacred Heart. This is a neat little volume of prayers in honor of the Sacred Heart—a devotion that is making rapid strides in our days. It contains all the devotions of an ordinary prayer-book, besides this there are beautiful meditations on the Sacred Heart. This volume will certainly recommend itself to all pious souls who earnestly endeavor to spread this beautiful devotion. Benziger Bros. Price 50 cts.

Visits to the Blessed Sacrament. This little work comprises short visits to the Blessed Sacrament for each day of the month together with prayers for the ordinary use of Catholics. They are taken from the works of St. Alphonsus De Ligouri. The make up of the volume is neat and the practical lesson given on its pages will prove beneficial to all who use the book in their devotions. Benziger Bros. Price 50 cts.

His First and Last Appearance. This is another sprightly juvenile from the delightful pen of Father Finn, S. J. The readers of Benziger's Magazine have already for some time past enjoyed its pleasant company. From the first it was enthusiastically received whilst appearing by bits in that esteemed journal, in its book form it should now find a large sale. The author's name is enough to ensure its real value, add to this the numerous illustrations that grace its pages and the book cannot but meet with success.

In his other works Father Finn has confined himself mostly to the "American Boy", but in this work he also gives a prominent place to his sister. Philip should undoubtedly be the hero of the story, but Isobel bears the greater part of the burden. She is the most clearly drawn character in the entire work. Throughout she gains the reader's sympathy.

A novel feature of the book are the illustrations, of which it contains no fewer than thirty to enhance its typographical appearance. On page thirty-nine however is one rather inaccurate, Philip is standing aside of his mother with his hands on her arm and is made to say: "O! how hot your hand is."

We wish the work a great success. It has been presented to the public at the right time. If you have a youthful friend to whom you wish to give a delightful Christmas present, which will be of benefit to him, give him a copy of "His First and Last Appearance". Benziger Bros. Price \$1.00.

PERSONALS.

Monday, Oct. 8, Miss M. Barrett, of Hammond, Ind., accompanied her nephew, Master J. Barrett, of Rutland, Vt., to the college.

Rev. C. Ganser and Master H. Davis of Kentland, Ind., paid us a short visit Oct. 16.

On the 17th ult. Mrs. F. Anstett visited her son Herman.

Very Rev. Henry Drees Ex-Provincial C. PP. S. spent Oct. 18, here at the College.

Mr. George Diefenbach, '98, commercial, paid

his Alma Mater a short visit Oct. 21.

Rev. G. Horstman, pastor at Reynolds, Ind., was our guest on Oct. 21.

Mrs. F. Jones of Muncie, Ind., arrived here on the 23rd, ult. and spent a few days with her son John.

On Oct. 26, Master A. Junk was pleasantly surprised by a short visit from his brother, Mr. E. Junk, of Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Hammond, of Lafayette, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Austin, visited old friends at the College Oct. 30.

OBITUARY.

It is our sad duty to record the demise of two persons closely attached to members of our faculty. On Oct. 5, Father Chrysostom was called to the bed-side of his dying mother. She departed this life at the ripe old age of 72 after an illness of but a few days. We extend to the bereaved Father our heartfelt sympathies.

On the same day our music professor J. Hemmersbach received an unwelcome telegram stating that his brother, Prof. P. J. Hemmersbach, the musical instructor at St. Stanislaus College, Bay St. Louis, Miss., died after an illness of ten days. He was buried at his home, Louisville, Ky. where Prof. J. Hemmersbach attended the funeral. We offer our sincere condolence to our beloved professor in his hour of affliction.

On the 6th. ult. Mr. R. Goebel was called to his home to fulfill a sorrowful duty. His grandmother, Mrs. Dietsch, had been called away from all earthly tribulations. He was present at the interment. We earnestly sympathize with our esteemed fellow-student in his sorrow.

May their souls rest in eternal peace.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Marian Sodality. The first meeting of the Marian Sodality was held Oct. 7th. Among the principal duties of the society fell the election of officers. The following members have been chosen to lead the society this year: Spiritual Director, Rev. Hugo Lear; Prefect, Mr. J. Mutch; First Assistant Prefect, Mr. M. Koester; Second Assistant Prefect, Mr. E. Wills; Sec., Mr. E. Hefelee; Consultants of St. Aquino Hall, Messrs. F. Theobald, J. Wessel, J. Steinbrunner, R. Goebel, H. Metzdorf; of St. Xavier Hall, Messrs. D. Neuschwanger, S. Kremer, R. Monin, B. Alt, M. Ehleringer.

C. L. S. The program given by the Columbians Oct., 21, not only did great honor to the C. L. S., but gave to the audience a genuine literary treat. Each participant mastered well his part and none failed to please the audience. Special praise is due to the musical parts of the program. It was as follows: Music by the Columbian Orchestra; Oration, "The Study of History," by Mr. E. Hefelee; Debate: Resolved, that the rendition of dramas, as conducted in our institutions of learning duly complies with the aim of a "Higher Education." The Aff. was upheld by Mr. D. Neuschwanger; the Neg. by Mr. C. Mohr. Piano and Violin Duet by Prof. J. Hemersbach and Mr. Wm. Arnold. Serious Recitation, "The Gambler's Wife." by Mr. E. G. Werling; Humorous Recitation, by Mr. H. Seiferle; Dialogue, an extract of "Coriolanus"

impersonated by Mr. T. Kramer and Mr. J. Mutch; Song by the College Choir. The debate was decided in favor of the Negative. The C. L. S. will give the Drama, "Pizarro" Nov. 29th.

A. L. S. The Aloysians render a private program every two weeks. They intend to give a play sometime in December.

The following students became members of the A. L. S. since our last issue; Messrs. J. F. Sullivan, M. Shea, M. Oberting, J. A. Sullivan, J. Yochem, Ed. Barnard, J. Lemper, J. Barrett.

E. G. WERLING '03.

ATHLETICS.

The first foot ball game of the season was played on Sunday, Oct., 7. The contest was between the first and second teams of St. Aquino Hall. The day was cold and the wind brisk, which accounts for the fierce game which the boys put up. The defensive work of the second team was excellent. On the offensive they were not so strong on account of the light men behind the line, still they made many good gains, and twice nearly scored on the first team. Much credit is due to Capt. Wessel who, although hampered by having men of little experience, succeeded in getting together a team which proved to be worthy opponents of the first team. Theobald at end was a whirlwind, tackling hard and often, allowing very little ground gaining around his end. For the first team, Werling, Donahue, and Wahl did the

best work. Werling and Donahue, the giant guards, hit the line hard, making gains of from ten to fifteen yards. Wahl stopped the end runs of the opposing side, and helped the guards much in making their onslaughts against the lines.

The game opened with the first team in possession of the ball. Wahl kicked off to Theobald, who carried the ball back ten yards before being tackled. The second team lost it on a fumble, and the ball went to the first team on the second team's thirty yard line. The first team was unable to skirt the ends for good gains, owing to their lack of interference. The ball changed hands often during the first half, neither side having much the advantage over the other and the half ended with the ball in the center of the field.

In the second half, Wessel kicked to Steinbrunner, who brought the ball back fifteen yards. The first team now proceeded to rip up the line, and after the guards had made several hard line plunges, Werling was at last pushed over for a touchdown. Wahl failed at goal. On the kickoff the first team got the ball and were held for downs. The second team now made a desperate effort to score. They carried the ball to the twenty-five yard line, where Wessel tried a place kick, which barely missed the goal posts. Time was then called. Score: First Team, 5; Second Team 0. Touchdown—Werling. Referee—Kramer. Linesman—Smith and Naughton. Time of halves—Twenty minutes.

On Sunday, Oct., 14, the representative teams from the St. Aquino and St. Xavier Halls met on

the gridiron. The St. Xavier's won the toss and chose to defend the north goal. Koenig kicked to G. Arnold, who made a bad fumble, and in so doing allowed the St. Xavier's to get possession of the ball on St. Aquino's twenty yard line. They now proceeded to tear big holes in the St. Aquino's line and Holler went over for the first touchdown after three minutes of play. Koenig kicked goal. Score: St. Aquino's, 0; St. Xavier's, 6. Wahl kicked to Koenig, who was tackled by McGill. The St. Aquino's held for downs, and by using their guards back-formation, after a series of line rushes, sent Donahue over for a touchdown. W. Arnold missed an easy goal. Score: St. Aquino's, 5; St. Xavier's, 6. On the next kick off G. Arnold got the ball, and then passed it to Werling, where upon "Domine" acted the part of a sprinter; he was downed by Koenig, after having made a fine run of thirty yards without interference. After a few scrimmages, Wahl took the ball from VanFlandern on a criss-cross, and went around left end for a spectacular run of forty yards and a touchdown. Hoerstman missed goal.

In the second half Arnold kicked to Didier, who was downed by a fierce tackle of VanFlandern. The St. Xaviers were unable to advance the ball and the St. Aquinos got it on downs. VanFlandern now repeated the feat of Wahl in the first half by taking the ball from Wahl on a criss-cross and going around right end for a touchdown. Arnold kicked goal. Score: St. Aquino's, 16; St. Xavier's, 6. Koenig kicked to Arnold, who brought the ball back fifteen yards before being tackled by

Tobe. After a few line rushes time was called with the ball in possession of the St. Aquino's on their own thirty yard line. The features of the game were the long end runs of Wahl and VanFlandern, the line butting of Werling and Donahue, and the all-around work of Holler and Koenig. The interference was much better than in the previous game with the "scrubs," and it is owing in a great measure to this that Wahl and VanFlandern made their long runs for touchdowns, aided by the antiquated trick of the criss-cross. The St. Xaviers were unable to withstand the terrific line plunges of the St. Aquinos guards, Werling and Donahue. Holler, of the St. Xaviers, was a team by himself. He always made good gains when he carried the ball and the opposing side found him a hard man to manage.

St. Aquinos	The line up:	St. Xaviers.
McGill	r e	Tobe
G. Arnold	r t	Didier
Werling	r g	Olberding
Welsh	c	Monin
Donahue	l g	Linz
Buchman	l t	Grube
Hoerstman	l e	Schaefer
W. Arnold	q b	Wagner
Wahl	r h b	Holler
VanFlandern	l h b	Smith
Bach	f b	Koenig

Touchdowns—Holler, Donahue, Wahl, VanFlandern. Goals from touchdowns—Koenig, Arnold. Referee—Kramer. Linesman—Halpin and Alt. Time of halves—Twenty-five minutes.

E. A. WILLS, '03

LOCALS.

A big water-tank is beginning to shine in the back yard.

"Chick" after making a beautiful end run said: "Gee whizz! that makes a fellow perspire sweat."

Cyril: "Say, don't the pumps work yet?" Engineer: "Yes, but the water is bull-headed."

Froning: "Lucius, will you carry water for the players?" Wagner: "Do you think I come from Mercer County?"

The idol of Democracy, W. J. Bryan paid Jasper Co. a visit Thursday, Nov. 1. The crowd that gathered listened to one of his thirty-minute "Spellbinders" with intense eagerness and astonishment. He was heartily cheered.

Geo. Diefenbach '98 better known as "Zit", made his appearance in Collegeville quite unexpected. That part of the surprise is O. K. But with him he had a hairy-looking mustache which looked worse for wear. Nevertheless he was forced to take it off or be suspended from famous "Ikey's folly".

The hero of San Juan Hill, "Teddy", passed through Rensselaer October, 11, and gave a short "car-tailer" on Republicanism and the "full dinner pail". The Rev. Faculty suspended studies long enough to let the students see and hear (if he only had said something) the Republican nominee for Vice-president.

Professor in English: "Correct the following sentence; 'It rains still, hey?'" Remigius: "It rains hay still."

"I am most happy when I have the grand opportunity to meet some one, and have a conversation with him, that does not know more than I do." Holler.

Schaefer says he can hold his own against any foot-ball player; but when that box-car comes down the line he thinks it best not to show resistance.

Spectator: "Say, what's the matter with Pete again?" Mulligan: "O, he only sprained his shoe-strings."

Peter Hartman, who left us for a few days last month to have his lights trimmed, now claims he can see out of sight with his new ten-candle-light power glasses.

The students are anxiously waiting for Bro. William to issue the invitations for the big dance he promised to give when he dedicates the "big barn". Collegeville claims the largest barn in the state, and it is really a "beauty".

Sylvester: Say, Sixtus, which do you think would be more dangerous to your bones, to fight a German university duel, or to play a game of foot-ball.

Sixtus laconically: For my part give me the duel; then I am certain of death at the first encounter; but I might escape unhurt from a foot-ball game and be obliged to subject my precious life to a second trial with equal uncertain results.

HONORARY MENTION.

FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, J. Bach, E. Barnard, J. Dabbelt, H. Froning, R. Goebel, R. Halpin, P. Hartman, B. Huelsman, E. Hoffman, H. Horstman, N. Keller, A. Knapke, J. Lang, J. Lemper, A. Lonsway, E. Lonsway, F. Mader, H. Metzdorf, J. Mutch, B. Quell, A. Reichert, J. Sanderell, M. Shea, J. Steinbrunner, J. A. Sullivan, T. Sulzer, F. Theobald, C. VanFlandern, F. Wagner, B. Wellman, P. Welsh, E. Werling, E. Wills.

90-95 PER CENT.

G. Arnold, J. Barrett, J. Braun, J. Buchman, P. Carlos, E. Cook, W. Fisher, T. Hammes, H. Heim, J. Jones, A. Junk, A. McGill, L. Monahan, H. Muhler, C. Ready, C. Sibold, V. Sibold, J. F. Sullivan, L. Wagner, P. Wahl, J. Wessel, J. Yochem.

J. Braun was omitted from 1st. paragraph of October Collegian.

FOR CLASS WORK.

90 PER CENT.

Sept. W. Arnold, J. Mutch, L. Linz, T. Kramer, C. Mohr, S. Meyer, D. Neuschwanger, E. Hefele, H. Seiferle, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, A. Schuette, R. Goebel, R. Wachendorfer, F. W. Scheidler, A. Scheidler, M. Ehleringer, J. Bach

L. Monanhan, R. Halpin, W. Ernest, V. Meagher, R. Rath, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks E. Hoffman, J. Steinbrunner, J. Reichert, H. Froning, A. Knapke, P. Hartman, H. Metzdorf, J. Lemper, M. Oberting, J. Yochem.

84 PER CENT.

Sept. M. Koester, C. VanFlandern, E. Werling, E. Wills, R. Monin, X. Jaeger, E. Flaig, A. McGill, W. Flaherty, J. Braun, P. Welsh, A. Koenig, I. Wagner, C. Grube, F. Didier, J. Dabbelt, E. Lonsway, A. Schaefer, R. Schwieterman, V. Sibold, W. Fisher, J. Keller, A. Lonsway, M. Shea, J. A. Sullivan, B. Wellman, J. Becker, U. Fisher, B. Huelsman, F. Mader, A. Hepp.

90 PER CENT.

October. L. Linz, T. Kramer, C. Mohr, S. Meyer, D. Neuschwanger, E. Hefeale, H. Seiferle, W. Arnold, J. Mutch, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, A. Schuette, X. Jaeger, P. Welsh, A. Koenig, C. Grube, F. Didier, R. Goebel, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, M. Ehleringer, R. Schwieterman, J. Bach, F. Wagner, R. Halpin, W. Ernest, V. Meagher, J. Becker, R. Rath, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, E. Hoffman, J. Steinbrunner, C. Frericks, J. Reichert, H. Froning, B. Huelsman, A. Knapke, F. Mader, P. Hartman, A. Metzdorf, J. Lemper, J. F. Sullivan, H. Heim, J. Yochem.

84 PER CENT.

October. M. Koester, R. Stoltz, C. VanFlandern, E. Werling, P. Wills, R. Monin, L. Huber, E. Flaig, A. McGill, W. Flaherty, J. Braun, I. Wagner, B. Alt, R. Smith, G. Arnold, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, F. Steinbrunner, A. Schaefer, V. Sibold, W. Fisher, J. Jones, F. Keller, A. Lang, A. Lonsway, L. Monahan, M. Shea, J. A. Sullivan, B. Wellman, J. Barrett, U. Fisher, A. Hepp.